

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — Cowper.

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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### SCARCITY OF ANIMALS IN DEEP FORESTS.

THEY GATHER AROUND FARMS AND VILLAGES.

EUROPEAN travellers in this country frequently allude to the American forest as remarkable for its solitude and deficiency of animal life. . . . This scarcity of animals, I would remark, is not peculiar to the American wilderness. The same fact has been observed in extensive forests both in Europe and Asia; and, in proportion as the traveller penetrates into their interior, he finds a smaller number of animals of almost every species. Birds, insects, and quadrupeds will multiply, like human beings, in a certain ratio with the progress of agriculture, so long as there remains a sufficiency of wild wood to afford them a refuge and a home. They use the forests chiefly for shelter, and the open grounds for forage: the woods are their house, the meadows their farm.

I had an opportunity for observing these facts very early in life, when making a pedestrian tour through several of the States. I commenced my journey in autumn; and, being alone, I was led to take notes of many things, which, had any one accompanied me, would have escaped my observation. After passing a few weeks of the winter in Nashville, I directed my course through Tennessee and Virginia, and was often led through extensive ranges of forest. I never saw birds in any part of the United States so numerous as in the woods adjoining the city of Nashville, which was surrounded with immense corn-

fields, and cotton-plantations; but, while walking through the country, I could not help observing the scarcity of birds and small quadrupeds in the woods, whenever I was at a long distance from any village or habitation. Sometimes night would draw near before I reached a hamlet or farmhouse where I might take lodging. On such occasions, the silence of the woods increased my anxiety, which was immediately relieved on hearing the cardinal, or the mocking-bird, whose cheerful notes always indicated my approach to cultivated fields and farms.

That this scarcity of animal life is not peculiar to the American forest, we have the testimony of St. Pierre, who says of the singing-birds: "It is very remarkable, that, all over the globe, they discover an instinct which attracts them to the habitation of man. If there be but a single hut in the forest, all the singing-birds of the vicinity come and settle around it. Nay, they are not to be found, except in places which are inhabited. I have travelled more than six hundred leagues through the forests of Russia, but never met with small birds, except in the neighborhood of villages. On making the tour of fortified places in Russian Finland, with the general officers of the corps of engineers with which I served, we travelled sometimes at the rate of twenty leagues a day, without seeing on the road either village or bird; but, when we perceived the sparrows fluttering about, we concluded we must be near some inhabited place. In this indication we were never once deceived."

It may be remarked, however, that birds and quadrupeds do not seek the company of man when they congregate near his habitations. They are attracted by the increased amount of all their means of subsistence that follow the cultivation of the land. The granivorous birds, no less than the insect-eaters, are benefited by the extension of agriculture. Even if no cereal grains were raised, the cultivated fields would supply them, in the product of weeds alone, more sustenance than a hundred times the same area in forest. Before there were any settlements of white men in this country, birds and small quadrupeds must have congregated chiefly about the wooded borders of prairies, on the banks of rivers, in fens and cranberry meadows, and around the villages of the red man.

. . . America was colonized and occupied by civilized people; and the forests were swept away with a rapidity unprecedented in the history of man. Every pioneer was a hunter, provided with guns and ammunition; every male member of his family, over seven years of age, was a gunner and a trapper.

The sparse inhabitants of the forest, which, if unmolested, — as in the early period of European civilization, — would have multiplied in proportion to their increased means of subsistence, have been, on the contrary, shot by the gunner, ensnared by the trapper, and wantonly destroyed by boys for amusement, until some species have been nearly exterminated. Instead of increasing in a ratio with the supplies of their natural food, many tribes of them are now more scarce than they were in the primitive forest. The small birds alone, whose prolific habits and diminutive size were their protection, have greatly multiplied. . . .

There are many species of birds which we associate with the wild-wood, because they breed and find shelter there; but, if we watched their habits, we should learn that even these solitary birds make the cultivated grounds their principal feeding-places. Such as the quail, the partridge, and very many of our game birds. The quail and the partridge are omnivorous, but, like our common poultry, are more eager to seize a grub or an insect than a grain of corn. A potato-field is hardly less valuable to a flock of quails than a field of corn, and affords more sustenance to the snipe and the wood-cock than any other grounds. But these birds, as well as others, have diminished as those natural advantages have increased that should promote their multiplication.

Even our sylvias and thrushes, the most timid of all the winged tribe, birds hardly ever seen except in lonely woods, multiply with the clearings of the country, and the increased abundance of their insect food. The vesper thrushes, that shun the presence of man, and will become silent in their musical evening if the rustling of the bushes indicates the approach of the human footstep, are more numerous in the woods of Cambridge than in any other part of the country. These are chiefly of maple filled with underbrush, and afford the birds a harbor and a shelter, while the adjoining fields, in a state of the highest tillage, supply them plentifully with their natural food, consisting of worms and the larvæ of insects. The timid habits of these solitary birds are their chief protection. They will not expose themselves to observation; and, on the approach of a human being, they flee to the woods, where they are entirely concealed from the youths who destroy all sorts of small game. Birds of this species continue to grow more numerous, while the red-thrush and cat-bird are constantly diminishing in numbers because they breed outside of the wood, where they are more easily discovered. — *Woods and By-ways of New England.*

## AN ACTRESS'S LOVE FOR HER HORSE.

AN accident at the matinee at the Grand Opera house last Saturday, during the performance of the Mazeppa scene by Miss Leo Hudson, with her trained pony Black Bess, receives a touch of pathos in the announcement of the severe illness and subsequent death of the actress, caused in part by grief at the death of the pony. Miss Hudson was passionately attached to her beautiful pet, which had been her constant companion. It was her custom to give Black Bess a good share of the care she required; and the affection of the latter for her mistress was as remarkable as the perfection wherewith she always performed her part of the play.

As soon as the accident occurred, Miss Hudson summoned a veterinary surgeon; and every effort was made to save the life of the pony, but in vain. Miss Hudson, bruised and lacerated as she was by her severe fall, never left her pet until it was dead, but sat holding its head in her arms, talking to it and soothing its sufferings as she might have done for a human being she loved. When it died, she became almost frantic with grief. Her own injuries had seriously shocked her nerves; but she held out for more than twelve hours by the side of her dying pony, utterly refusing to leave it even for the sake of the rest and care she herself needed almost as imperatively as did her poor dumb patient. When the pony died she was utterly exhausted with the shock of her injuries and loss of her sleep; and this, with her passionate grief, brought on an attack of brain fever, of which she soon after died. — *St. Louis Republican.*

## MARY HOWITT'S THOUGHT.

OF all captive birds, none grieves me more than the skylark. Its impulse is to soar, which is impossible in the narrow space of a cage; and in this unhappy condition, when seized by the impulse of song, he flings himself upwards, and is dashed down again by his cruel barriers. For this reason, the top of the lark's cage is always bedded with green baize to prevent his injuring himself. In the freedom of nature, he is the joyous minstrel of liberty and love, carrying upwards, and sending down from above, his buoyant song, which seems to fall down through the golden sunshine like a flood of sparkling melody.

I am not aware of the height to which the lark soars; but it must be very great, as he becomes diminished to a mere speck, almost invisible in the blaze of light. Yet, high as he may soar, he never loses the consciousness of the little mate and the nestlings below; but their first cry of danger or anxiety, though the cry may be scarce audible to the human ear, thrills up aloft to the singer, and he comes down with a direct, arrow-like flight, whilst otherwise his descent is more leisurely, and said by some to be in the direct spiral line of his ascent.

## SHOEING A CAMEL.

BY S. P. PRICHARD.

A TRAVELLER from Peking to Siberia, across the great desert of Gobi, tells us that whenever a camel's feet have become very tender and sore from long marches, the poor creature lies down. His driver knows at once that his feet hurt him, and looks to find out if the thick skin of the feet is blistered. Whenever a blister is found, two or three strong men, usually Mongols, keep watch of the camel until it is not noticing them. At just the right moment they make a rush all together upon the camel, throw it over upon the side, and make it fast. Then, with a needle made for that use, they sew a square piece of leather large enough to cover the hurt place over the camel's foot, the skin of which is quite thick enough to sew through, without hurting the animal. With his new shoes on, the camel is quite ready to get up and march on. The pieces of leather are very carefully prepared for this use. It sometimes happens that a camel lies down in the midst of his long march across the wide desert, and dies. The natives take the thickest part of his skin to make shoes of. These bits of skin they take out, day after day, when on the march, and pull, until they become so soft and yielding that a camel with blistered feet seems grateful to have shoes made of it, although he would resist the shoeing to the last, were he not held so that he could not move. — *Rural New-Yorker.*

## THE HARPER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## "My Poor Dog Tray."

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,  
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),  
Oh, remember your Sheelah when far, far away!  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure;  
He constantly loved me although I was poor;  
When the sour-looking folks turned me heartless away,  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray!  
And he licked me for kindness, — my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,  
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?  
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

## CATS.

I HAVE known a great many cats, and have never had occasion to change the opinion I first formed of them many years ago. They are very grateful creatures, seldom forgetting a kindness. If you take in a starved cat out of the street, and gradually restore it to health and comfort, it will never forget the obligation it is under to you. I have repeatedly done this, and have always gained a firm friend in the animal so rescued from poverty.

Cats have very good manners: they like to say "good-morning" to you after their fashion, when they first see you in the morning. Some people say cats have no real attachment to the human race: this I know to be a great mistake. They love people, and are very jealous in their fondness. Your cat will be very friendly out of doors with your neighbor's cat, but will by no means allow her to come into your house or be caressed by you, showing great anxiety if you notice the stranger. . . .

The purring noise that cats make to express pleasure is a very pleasant sound, and never loud enough to disturb any one. Indeed, one great charm in these animals is the noiselessness with which they move about.

A French writer says that a cat is the only animal which is allowed entire liberty. We chain our dogs, we put birds into cages; but our cats go and come as they please.

Cats are accused of two faults, — of stealing and of being treacherous. The best remedy for the first is to feed them well. The charge of treachery cannot be borne out. If you hurt a cat, she thinks she has a right to punish you for it; but it is not necessary to hurt them. — *Selected.*

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT STUFFED OWLS. — While delivering a lecture in Boston the other night, Dr. Willis told a droll story of himself. He said that at one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window, where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the doctor to his friend, "that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskillful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot, and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon.

It is quite evident that men commit more errors in judgment than animals.

## For Our Dumb Animals.

## MICE AND MUSIC.

THE boys being assembled, Tabby made her appearance as usual; whereupon George said, "How would you like to know something about mice, Ma'am Tabby?"

"Miau," said Tabby, rising and looking up in his face, to the great amusement of the boys, who declared that that miau meant "Yes," and that each one would tell all he knew about mice.

"I will tell you what happened at our house, if that will do," said Benjamin.

"Let's have it," cried several voices.

"Well, then, you must know that I think mice are very pretty little creatures, and hate to have them killed. One day, I took one out of a trap, and carried it into the dining-room, thinking that Cousin Ann, who is on a visit at our house, would like to see its bright eyes and pretty feet. I called out, 'Ann, Ann, here is a mouse! come and see it.' — 'A what?' she said. 'A mouse, a mouse!' I cried, or, as mother said, shouted. 'A mouse!' shrieked Ann, and sprang upon the dining-table, throwing over a tureen of hot gravy and the caster. The shriek frightened the trembling mouse, so that it bit my thumb, which forced me to open my hand, and away it sprang. Smash, crack, bang, over went tumblers, pitchers, bottles, every thing within reach of Ann's hoop-skirt, as she bolted for the end of the table opposite the entry-door. Meanwhile Fannie the terrier was giving chase to the mouse, over and under chairs and crickets, and," —

"I guess your mother gave you a scolding," interrupted Louis.

"No, she didn't," said Ben; "but Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper, was so much excited that she would have boxed me if she could: she grumbled that it was 'hincomprihensible to her, that a lady should hallow her son to be hallays hafter pizen creeters: she wus sure such ha bite as Benjamin 'ad from that hanimal would be the death of 'im.'"

"Our German gardener," continued Ben, "told me that he knew of four kinds of mice in his country, — the house, the wood, the field, and the dwarf mouse. The three first, he said, were continually persecuted by man; while the dwarf mouse, being very neat and delicate, is seldom hunted, as it does no great harm. But I know of no other than our common *mus musculus*, which you all know as a lovely and lively little animal. It runs with the greatest agility, climbs well, and is a good jumper."

"That's so," said Thomas. "I saw some that were tamed; one running up an inclined piece of rope, which was arranged for that purpose, clinging with its tail around the rope the moment it lost balance, and continued climbing. Another was put upon a very pliant halm: it mounted to the end; and, if the halm bent down, the mouse hung on to the lower part, and slowly descended without difficulty. The tail is of the utmost importance to the mouse, particularly in climbing. The owner of the tame mice cut the tails of two quite short, for experiment, and found that they were no longer able to perform the feats of their tailed companions."

"Every bend, motion, or posture of the mouse is graceful and pretty; and when it raises itself on its hind legs, as gnawers do when they clean and wash themselves, then it is really an enchanting little creature. It can raise itself completely on its hind legs, and even walk a few steps by now and then balancing a little with its tail. Although it goes into water only in extreme cases, yet it is a good swimmer, and gets on as well as the water-rat. Its senses are well developed: it can hear the finest noise, smell very sharply at a great distance, and it sees tolerably well, — better by night than by day perhaps. He who studies the character of the mouse cannot fail to be pleased with the intellectual capacity shown in all its doings. Good-natured and harmless, it bears not the least resemblance to its malicious and wily cousin the rat."

Its curiosity leads it to examine every thing with the greatest care. It is gay and intelligent, and soon finds out where it is safe from harm; then it soon becomes accustomed to man, and runs before his eyes in the performance of its domestic duties, as if it had nothing to fear from him. Even old mice become tame in a short time when caged; and those caught young surpass almost all other gnawers



(which can be kept in confinement), in gentleness and harmlessness."

"That reminds me of what I have read of their love of music," said Joseph.

"It is a well-known fact," he continued, "that pleasant sounds attract mice from their hiding-places, and cause them to forget all fear. They come in broad daylight into a room where one is playing on a musical instrument. Some people declare that mice walk over the keys of pianos which are left open to hear the tones; and many stories are related of mice learning to sing, that is, to utter sounds which resemble the low notes of the canary and other caged birds. Disputes have arisen among learned people about this singing; some declaring it to be only a plaintive utterance of danger or distress, whilst others say that mice in their healthiest and gayest moods utter these pleasant sounds. A man, whose name I do not remember, says, 'Some mice had chosen their habitation behind the woodwork in my kitchen. I allowed them to go on undisturbed. What a charming family they were! A fine singing canary hung in the kitchen; and, strange to say, the twittering of the mice became a complete imitation of the notes of the canary, at first weak and imperfect, but improving from day to day. Although it did not reach the strength, fullness, and richness of the notes of the bird, yet it excelled them in softness and tenderness. I often listened to them with the greatest pleasure in the evening, when the canary, with its head under its wing, was fast asleep. More than one kitchen guest looked towards the canary and about the room with astonishment, saying, 'Is that a bird singing, sir?'"

Mrs. Reeves coming into the room while the boys were expressing their doubts about singing mice, they appealed to her.

"From what I have been told," the lady said, "I have little doubt that young mice, hearing a canary from day to day, learn to imitate some of its notes, although I must say I cannot as yet fully credit the stories of singing mice; but I will relate a circumstance which came under my own observation, which will convince you that mice are fond of music."

"When I was a girl, I used to practise my music in an old-fashioned parlor, separated from the rest of the house by a large hall. I think I might have felt lonely, shut up in that gloomy room three consecutive hours every day, but for a dear little mouse that evidently appreciated my music more than I did."

"For more than a month that little creature, or some other, seated itself fearlessly near the instrument every time I began to practise, and often remained half an hour or more. Sometimes it would go and come two or three times in the course of the forenoon. It must have come for the music; for no food was ever allowed in that stately old room."

L. B. U.

#### EIGHT LIVES SAVED BY A DOG.

A NUMBER of years ago, a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the angry waves towards the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood, and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible — for he was again and again lost under the waves — he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.

#### SONGSTERS OF THE AIR.

I SPEAK for those who cannot speak:

Who cannot, did I say?  
Were ever poets' rarest gems  
More eloquent than they?  
They twitter in the leafy shade,  
They trill their songs on high:  
O thoughtless man, creation's lord,  
Pass not these creatures by!  
Our heavenly Father's loving care  
Gave these good gifts to earth, —  
These feathery, warbling instruments  
Of song and glee and mirth;  
Turn now from stocks and gain and strife,  
And life's uneasy care,  
And with me visit in the grove  
These songsters of the air.

W. T. S.

#### THE SPIDER'S BRIDGE.

ONE chilly day I was left at home alone; and, after I was tired reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider, and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin, and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, which I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running round to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick, and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think over it. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy, when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top, and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited, and nearly stood on his head, before I found out what he knew; and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air, until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his woodshed again. — *Heath and Home.*

#### HEDGEHOGS.

ONE of the most interesting facts of the natural history of the hedgehog is that announced in 1831 by Mr. Lenz, and which is now confirmed by Prof. Buckland; that is, that the most violent poisons have no effect upon it, — a fact which renders it of peculiar value in the forests, where it appears to destroy a great number of noxious reptiles. Mr. Lenz says he had once in his house a female hedgehog, which he kept in a large box, and which soon became very familiar. He often put into the box some adders, which she attacked with great avidity, seizing them by the body, the head, or the tail, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around her body. Neither herself nor the young she was suckling seemed to suffer from the bites of the venomous reptiles. Pallas also assures us that the hedgehog can eat about a hundred cantharides without experiencing any of the effects which that insect taken inwardly produces on men, dogs, or cats. A German physician, who had made the hedgehog a peculiar object of study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog, in its natural state, only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruit, when it can get nothing it likes better. Its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, snails, and adders.

#### ENSIGN JACKMAN'S DOG.

ENSIGN JACKMAN was an old Vermont farmer. He had a good dog, that for some reason bore half of his own name, being plain Jack; and it would be no reflection on the old man's sense if we should say the creature knew half as much as he did. Jackman once owed his life to Jack; and it all came about by his taking him with him to his woodlot, which was a good way distant from his house. Almost every day during the winter the farmer and the dog went off together, always returning safely with the great loads of wood, until one afternoon, as they were jogging homeward, the sled canted on a stone, and the uppermost log on the load rolled off on the ensign's side, taking him unaware, knocked him down, and held him there wedged in between the runner and a huge boulder which almost overhung the path.

As he fell, he instinctively shouted "Whoa!" to the oxen; and they stopped at once, then and there. If they had started at all, the sidling load would have been precipitated upon his head; but, trained and most obedient of creatures, like all good oxen, they minded what was said to them, and halted, with the toppling logs ready to roll off at the first movement. But, though they might stand there all the afternoon, as probably they would, when night drew near they would go home. Besides, there was no help in them.

While this had been happening, Jack had been off careering about the woods, hunting hares and starting up partridges, and having a most delightful time; but now when the ensign whistled for him, he came bounding back to the sled, saw what had happened, and that he could not get at his master, and started for home with the speed of a race-horse.

Mother Jackman saw him coming down the road, and he seemed to her to be almost flying. His lameness did not hinder him then. He cleared the ground like a deer running for his life. She knew that something was the matter, and rushed to the door; but, instead of stopping there, he shot past, and kept straight on, by several houses and shops, to the shoemaker's. Meanwhile she caught up a shawl, and set out for the woods.

Jack had evidently gone through with some process of reasoning which brought him to the conclusion that it was a case in which a woman could not help, not even his own mistress. And so he sped by everybody else to the one man who had befriended him.

He burst into the presence of the shoemaker, pulled at his shirt sleeves, and ran to the door, whining. The man put on his coat and followed. At the grocery store, next door, he stopped long enough to tell of the dog's conduct; then borrowed a horse and sleigh which stood waiting while the owner was making purchases, and drove on after Jack.

Men came out along the road until there was quite a party on the way, some in sleighs and some on foot. When the old lady was overtaken, she was picked up and conveyed along.

Jack led the way. There stood the patient oxen in their tracks: they had not lifted so much as one of their feet in all that time. And there lay the ensign, quite insensible now, just where he had fallen.

#### PLEASURE FROM GIVING PAIN.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should prosecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced by melancholy experience. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on unfortunate animals; and the common people of all countries are delighted with bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity; and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of "sports." — *Jenny.*

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, September, 1873.

## A FREQUENT MISCONCEPTION.

MANY persons suppose that all the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are really one organization with branches, and that bequests to any one are shared by all. So that our society has been frequently congratulated upon the bequest of Mr. Bonard to the New-York Society, by which that society will probably realize a very large sum. But, while we congratulate our sister society on its good fortune in this case and in others which it has in anticipation, no benefit comes to us, except such as arises from the general advancement of the cause which will be promoted by the use of this bequest by a kindred society.

We feel that it is right to name this matter, as many who do not understand the matter will say, "There's no use of giving to the Massachusetts Society, as they share in Mr. Bonard's bequest;" and we are unwilling any one should check a generous impulse from this misconception.

Thus far our friends have been spared to give to us while living, for which we are thankful; but, as we believe our society is doing a good work, we trust we shall not be forgotten by our friends in the final distribution of a portion of their effects among the public charities.

## ANOTHER LECTURER.

GEO. W. JOHNSTON, whose *nom-de-plume* — Wayne Hovey — is so well known, editor of "The Animal Kingdom," the organ of the New-York Society, will enter the field as a lecturer during the coming season. His subject will be, "The Work of Humanity." Those who desire to make an arrangement with Mr. Johnston concerning this lecture, can address him at 210 East 13th Street, New York.

## OUR PRIZES.

THE result of the exhibition of humane inventions, at the New-England Fair will be published in our next month's paper. We trust it will give evidence of the progress of thoughtfulness for animals, and a desire to alleviate their sufferings.

OUR READERS will find some valuable hints in the brief extracts from the prize compositions. If any are not interested in them, they will remember that we have an additional reason for publishing, in our effort to interest young persons in the subject; and they, like older persons, are pleased to see their ideas in print.

## PERFORMING ANIMALS.

AN English lady, who believes that the training and exhibition of performing animals is attended with unnecessary cruelty, asks us to name the subject in our paper. She says, "I hope you have not got performing dogs, performing birds, and performing bears, in the United States. If mothers would never take their children to look at these spectacles, they would never exist."

We have no doubt her views are correct in regard to cruelty; but we are glad to say, the practice is not as common in this country as in England.

## NEWPORT, R.I.

By invitation of the mayor and about twenty-five other prominent citizens of Newport, our President, Mr. Angell, delivered a lecture in the Academy of Music, Aug. 13, to an interested audience of ladies and gentlemen.

We are glad to say that it resulted in the organization, the next day, of the "Newport Society," with the following

## LIST OF OFFICERS:

President, Dr. Samuel W. Francis; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Francis Brinley and Charles Lyman; Secretary and Treasurer, Stephen Gould.

From "The Newport Mercury," we copy the following account of the proceedings:—

A committee to report suitable by-laws was appointed, consisting of Lieut.-Gov. C. C. Van Zandt, chairman, and Hon. Francis Brinley and Wm. Gilpin.

The following gentlemen were then elected members of the society:—

Col. J. W. Dresser, Col. G. E. Waring, jun. Hon. W. B. Lawrence, Hon. John Carter Brown, Hon. Thos. Coggeshall, Hon. Samuel Powel, Hon. Duncan C. Pell, Hon. C. N. Beach, Rev. I. P. White, Rev. Chas. H. Maleom, Samuel R. Honey, John Foster, Edward W. Lawton, R. S. Barker, Job T. Langley, W. S. Caldwell, Wm. P. Clarke, James H. Taylor, S. M. Stedman, Frank B. Porter, G. A. Hazard, Col. T. W. Higginson.

A characteristic and congratulatory letter was received from Mr. Bergh, and the society adjourned, to meet at the call of the President.

Rhode Island sets a good example to some of her larger sister States in New England.

## GEORGIA SOCIETY.

THIS society is now fully organized, with sixty members, constantly increasing.

They have "taken in hand the protection of the mocking-bird from its threatened extirpation at the hands of bad boys, black and white, and of country folks, who rob the nests wholesale in order to sell the young birds for the cage."

The following is their

## LIST OF OFFICERS.

President, James W. Davies. Vice-Presidents, Rev. Robert Irvine, Augusta; Chas. Greene, sen., Savannah; Anderson Reese, Macon; H. W. Grady, Atlanta, Secretary and Council, Salem Dutcher; Treasurer, B. Benson; Executive Committee, James W. Davies, *ex-officio*, Salem Dutcher, *ex-officio*, John S. Davidson, Miss Louisa W. King, H. B. King, Joseph B. Cumming, De Saussure Ford, M.D. Headquarters at Augusta.

## DESTRUCTION OF HORSES IN NEW-YORK CITY.

THE New-York Rendering Company, as we learn from the New-York Society reports, received, last year, seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-three horses, of which two thousand five hundred had the epizootic, seven hundred the foot rot, sixteen hundred the glanders or farcy.

THE "Meningitis" has broken out again in New York, and is said to be most prevalent among horses over-worked.

## REPORTS OF KINDRED SOCIETIES.

## New-York Society, Seventh Annual Report.

THE report alludes to the growing appreciation of the rights of animals, and claims that it will finally extend to the very lowest orders. It devotes considerable space to the successful opposition met with in the legislature, in the effort for a better law, alludes to the present injunctions in cases of prosecution. They have made five hundred and sixty-one prosecutions, and killed eight hundred and thirty-five horses, besides other animals. The ambulance of the society has been used to remove two hundred and fifty disabled horses from the streets, and a new ambulance has just been built. Dog and cock fights have been broken off.

Their appeal to the city government for a dog pound was rejected. A committee has been chosen to ask an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars by the city for five hundred drinking fountains.

The evil of salting the streets, in its effect upon horses' hoofs, is complained of, and illustrated with cuts.

The new gyro-pigeon is also described. The Bonard-will case has been settled, after a prolonged contest, in favor of the society, but causing a shrinking of the estate, by cost and expenses, of thirty thousand dollars. New headquarters, have been purchased and fitted up, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, at a cost of forty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

The By-Laws have been amended so that the annual meetings shall be held in January, and the officers elected for three years. The board just elected are, with few exceptions, the same as last year.

## Woman's Branch, Philadelphia.

THIS society made one hundred and two arrests during the last year, and obtained sixty convictions. Having charge of the dog-shelter, they received twenty-three hundred and seventy-nine dogs, of which sixteen hundred and seventy-three were killed.

They have introduced the practice of prizes in schools for compositions, and have determined to hold another fair in December next. In another column we quote, from their annual report, an extract on cattle transportation.

Many of the other kindred societies are working vigorously, sometimes under difficulties; but the general progress is good. We shall yet hope to see a good central society in each State, with agents or branches in every part of it.

## VENISON AFFECTED BY THE CHASE.

THE opinion of experts and a common-sense view agree that any excitement of an animal, before killing, is injurious to the meat.

This is one reason why we advocate an improvement in slaughter-houses; for this affects every man's health, and every man ought to be moved by this consideration, if his humanity does not rebel against the cruelty to the animal in the present mode of killing.

In confirmation of this idea of injury to the meat, a prominent gentleman from Ohio, who has been much accustomed to deer-hunting in the winter, tells us that he never hunts with dogs, because the meat of deer which have been run by dogs turns black soon after it is killed on account of the tissues being full of blood.

He can readily distinguish, at any time, the meat of a deer that has been chased by dogs, from one which has not; and he does not consider the former fit to eat.

He claims, that, in this view, he is sustained by old hunters.



## PORTSMOUTH (N.H.) SOCIETY.

THIS society has been re-organized, and is now actively at work. We wish we could say the same of other cities in New Hampshire. It does seem very hard to get any one to move in the work in this State. The law needs amendment to give jurisdiction to the lower courts. The following are the present officers of the present society:—

President, T. E. O. Marvin.

Vice-Presidents, Ichabod Goodwin, Daniel H. Peirce, Wm. F. Parrott, Jas. De Normandie, Carlos Martyn, Mrs. Chas. Burroughs, Mrs. Stanton Parker, Mrs. Frank Jones, Mrs. Alfred W. Haven, Mrs. Joseph B. Upham.

Directors, Wm. H. Sise, Frank Jones, J. S. H. Frink, W. M. Thayer, Rev. Canon Walsh, Lewis E. Smith, N. Dana Whipple, James K. May, A. F. Stevens, Joseph Tiffany, Miss Eliza Rice, Mrs. Julia N. Whipple, Mrs. John J. Pickering, Mrs. H. C. Knight, Mrs. Aaron H. Hill, Mrs. F. W. Miller, Miss Ellen Parrott, Miss E. H. Pearson, Miss Jessie Williams, Miss Emma Vennard.

Treasurer, C. C. Ackerman.

Secretary, Florin Barri.

At a meeting of this society recently, several cases of alleged cruelty were reported, and measures were taken for the immediate investigation of the same. In addition to these cases, numerous and apparently well-founded complaints were brought forward, from respectable and reliable sources outside the association, regarding the reckless and, in many instances, cruel driving of horses attached to delivery-wagons sent out from the stores in this city. In some cases the owners of these teams may be classed among the most humane of our citizens, and are undoubtedly ignorant of the abuse of dumb brutes by their employees; and that the employers may not suffer from the extreme carelessness or inhumanity of their drivers, it was requested that their attention should be promptly and publicly called to these facts, in order that they may warn those employed by them of the legal consequences of their illegal proceedings. One instance of cruelty mentioned was of a boy using the heavy hitching-weight, intended for securing the horse, as a slung-shot to beat him with; and so numerous and aggravated were the other cases mentioned, that it almost seems as if there must be a spirit of rivalry among some of these boys as to which can be guilty of the grossest inhumanity to the horses they drive. When they once become assured that the society means business, that persons abusing animals are liable to summary arrest without warrant, the same as any other disturbers of the public peace, and to a maximum punishment of two hundred and fifty dollars' fine and one year in jail, they become less openly cruel if not humane. — *Chronicle*.

MEASURES are taking to organize a society in Frederick, Md. We shall hope to report the organization of at least one new society each month, for the next year.

THE attendants at a church in Colorado, who were annoyed by birds building their nests on the building, had nests and birds destroyed. A gentleman counted one hundred and eighty dead birds, old and young, on the ground near the church.

Oh, shadows and sunshine, so closely connected!  
Like showers in April you bring us a store  
Of blessed fruition in hopes and in mercies,  
The harvest from seed in the bright days of yore.

Then it matters but little how battered the casket,  
If the jewel is safe, we will sure reach the goal,  
And find the true charm to guide us so safely,  
These words: "In your patience possess ye your soul."

## THE NATIONAL LAW

For the protection of animals in transportation on railroads will go into effect Oct 1. We trust it will be one means of lessening present evils.

Mrs. Caroline E. White, President of the Woman's branch of the Pennsylvania Society, in her annual address, says of this law:—

"This is by far the most important public measure ever gained in this country by the societies for the protection of animals: never before has so widespread and so prolific a source of cruelty been checked; never before has the fact that animals have rights, and that they are entitled to good treatment, been acknowledged by the highest legislative power in our nation. Yes, truly do we say, that words are scarcely adequate to express our feelings when we reflect that no more will the horrible sights be met with, that have disgraced our vaunted civilization; that in all our large cities between here and the West, upon the arrival of cattle-trains, no more can the eyes be shocked and the heart sickened at seeing hundreds of panting, suffocating, dying steers drawn from the cars with horrible wounds in their sides, where they have unavoidably gored each other in their efforts to obtain a little breathing space; and these not the only wounds, but sad to say, festering sores also in the most tender and sensitive portions of their bodies, from the stabs inflicted by the goad of the merciless cattle-tender. In order to keep them from sinking under their accumulated miseries, and when worn and exhausted from hunger, thirst, heat, and suffocation, falling down under the feet of the others, in which case they would soon be trampled upon until death put an end to their sufferings, this man goes in among them at each stopping-place, and pierces those that seem about to succumb, so that the exquisite pain may recall them to consciousness and animation. Yes: these are the revolting sights, so common that they are to be met with constantly in all the great cities between here and Texas, upon the arrival of trains containing Western cattle. There is one source of suffering, too, of which I have omitted to speak; and that is cold, which, in such a winter as we have just passed through, is truly frightful in its results. I suppose there is scarcely any one present who has not seen accounts in the newspapers of whole trains full of cattle, sheep, and other animals, being frozen to death in the West. Mr. Lucian Prince has been employed by the Massachusetts Society for several months, to travel through the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, investigating this subject of the treatment of cattle in transit."

## LETTER FROM A SOUTHERN COLORED BOY.

DEAR SIR,—I have had the opportunity of reading several of your papers on the treatment of dumb animals. My teacher has been kind enough to allow me the privilege of reading her papers whenever I felt disposed to do so; and by so doing I have been taught some very valuable lessons pertaining to animal life; and I am so much interested in your paper, that I wish to subscribe for it.

The people in this State, I am sorry to say, were not taught to treat animals kindly. Their belief is, The worse you deal with brutes, the better they are controlled. If your papers were distributed through this town, I think they would have a wonderful effect upon those who are unkind to dumb animals.

I am a colored boy, — native of this place.

## INCIDENT IN CLEVELAND.

A MARKETMAN was trying to back his horse out from between two wagons. The horse did not back to suit him; and he laid down his reins, got out of the wagon, took the horse by the bridle with one hand and commenced to strike him in the nose with the other. The horse took two or three blows, and then stood up on his hind feet, and gave the man a blow with his fore foot on top of the head, tearing his hat, and cutting his head open, causing the blood to flow freely. The horse seemed satisfied with one blow at the man; for, after striking once, he came down on his fore feet and stood perfectly quiet; and the man also seemed satisfied!

## CASES INVESTIGATED

BY BOSTON AGENTS IN AUGUST.

WHOLE number of complaints, 77; viz., for beating 6, driving when lame and galled 20, overdriving 6, driving when diseased 11, failing to provide proper food 6, torturing 3, cruelty in transportation 2, defective streets 2, general cruelty 21. Remedied without prosecution 45, not substantiated 19, not found 3, under investigation 1, prosecuted 9, convicted 7, fled to avoid arrest 1.

Animals killed 20, temporarily taken from work 12.

## FINES.

From Justices' Courts, Ashland, \$10; Stockbridge, \$10. District Courts, Central Berkshire, 2 cases, \$10. Police Courts, Lawrence, 2 cases, \$35; Somerville, 2 cases, \$20; Chelsea, \$10. Probate Court, Middlesex County, 4 cases, \$4. Municipal Court, Boston, 5 cases, \$50. Per Sheriff Clark, one paid in jail, \$10. Superior Court, Suffolk, \$100; Essex, \$40.

## RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Samuel S. Pratt, \$5; Julia Goddard, \$1; Henry Smith, \$10;

## SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. A. A. Roath, R. R. Endicott, Mrs. Geo. Barrows, Geo. E. Priest, Mrs. John R. Alley, L. A. Bigelow, W. S. Robinson, Eben Howes, Mrs. Lafayette Jack, Champney Bros. & Co., L. Slack, Julia Goddard, Frederick Butler, James H. Stannard, Wm. T. Richardson, Dr. Charles D. Homans, Mrs. E. H. Robinson, Wm. W. Carter, S. A. Fowle, R. L. Hodgdon, A. Vinal, Elizabeth M. Grant, John C. Dillon, Charles Woolley, Mrs. Orleans Pell, E. S. Moseley, Miss Russell, F. H. Hastings, C. A. Jordan, H. B. Howe, J. Dana Hovey, C. H. Wharton, S. W. Hill, John F. Cook, A. Naylor, Jan. James Campbell, Willie S. Hudson, E. S. Coombs, George H. Eager, O. D. Fearson, John R. Tatum, Mrs. E. H. Chadwick, Miss R. L. Allen, E. Haskell, Henry J. Wolcott, Andrew Allen, O. Frary, J. M. Garoutie, J. J. Squires.

A. R. Hunt, Eug. Mag. 30 cts.

## CRUELTY TO FOWLS.

HAVING occasion frequently to pass along Sutter Street, by the Occidental Market, my attention has been repeatedly attracted by the brutal handling of turkeys and fowls in delivering them from the carts. They are caught by their legs or tails, sometimes by their necks, and dragged from the coops in the roughest manner possible, the wings of the turkeys being twisted across each other to keep them from getting loose. Apart from the cruelty of such usage, it is impossible that the flesh of fowls so barbarously handled before death should be entirely wholesome. Be that as it may, I have been so disgusted with it, that I have for a year past carefully avoided purchasing poultry in that market; and there are others who have followed my example. It is possible the same inhuman practices are pursued in other markets, but I have not seen them. If dealers knew that they were turning away custom by such exhibitions, they would be more careful. — *Observer, in Animal's Friend*.

We wonder if any cruelty such as is described above is practised in this State. Some people seem to think a fowl is not an animal; but they will find that the Courts will rule otherwise if they are detected in cruelty towards them.

CRUMBS. — After all, do we not drift through life, giving each other crumbs off the loaf that will only seem to break in that paltry way? And by and by, when the journey is over, do we not wonder that we could not have given better and more at a time? Yet the crumbs have the heaven and the sweetness of the loaf in them; the commonest little wayside things are charged full of whatever is really within us.

Other Girls.

In a recent lecture at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Prof. Agassiz distinctly committed himself to the statement "that vertebrates, in conformity with the similarity of their organization, have an identity of mental faculties, differing only in degree," — in other words, that instinct and reason are one.

## Children's Department.

## GYMNASTICS FOR BOTH.

"COME, Carlo," says Johnny, "nobody is in the room but us two; let's have some gymnastics." Johnny has seen the large boys out on the playground, close by the house, practising their exercises, and has often wished to imitate them. Now there is such a good chance with only Carlo and himself in the room, and as Carlo's ideas of right and wrong, propriety and good-manners, are gained from his boy-master, he is quite willing to follow any example that Johnny may set him.

You see, the faculty of imitation is strong in animals, as well as boys and girls; and the good or bad temper of a boy's dog is often only the reflection of his own nature.

As Johnny always treats Carlo well, he has great confidence in him: so when Johnny proposes to exercise his muscles by taking a look at the world upside down, Carlo thinks it must be all right; and although he evidently is quite astonished to see Johnny's feet where his head usually is, yet he obediently elevates his hind legs, and places himself as nearly as he can in his master's position.

## DICK THE PUSSY-CAT.

"MEE-OW! mee-ow! mee-ow!" Poor Dick looked around in the dark. He was hungry, and crying for something to eat. Poor Dick had no home. Deacon Jehil and Mrs. Jehil and all the little Jehils had gone away from the brown farmhouse, where he had lived for two years; and, in their stead, had come Mistress Sharper and five small Sharpers, with fierce gray eyes. All the Jehils had stroked Dick's fur softly, and given him bits of red beefsteak to eat, and sweet milk to drink; but all the little Sharpers held him up by his tail, and pinched him until he was sore, and Mistress Sharper beat him with a broom-handle whenever, in his hunger, he went into the pantry to look for a mouse. So Dick mournfully left the dear old place, and went forth to seek his fortune. Night came, and he was still out on the road. "Mee-ow, mee-ow!" Oh for even a bit of dry bread to eat! But snow blew into his pink mouth instead. Yes, the snow began to fall fast. Dick trudged on through the drifts. "Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!" It was like the voice of a lost child.

Patty and Uncle Bob sat in the sleigh, quite hidden under a great buffalo-robe. "Mee-ow! mee-ow! mee-ow!"

"I hear a 'little baby ky—or somesing," said Patty.

"It is the wind," said Uncle Bob.

"It is a pussy-cat!" cried Patty. "Unky Bob, find him, won't 'oo?"

"I will," said Uncle Bob; and he jumped out of the sleigh, and listened. "Puss! puss!"

"Mee-ow!"

A minute more, and Dick was in Patty's lap, under the buffalo-robe. He purred, as well he might.

"'Oo tunning snow pussy-cat!" said Patty. "'Oo shall go home with me, and 'tay as long as 'oo live—so!"

And so Dick won a new home.

THERE is much more to be said in favor of most men and creatures than we generally think. The trouble, is that we care too little about finding out the good things.

## Gymnastics for Both.



## GRACIE'S KITTY.

GRACE'S kitty, day by day,  
Moped beside the fire and pined;  
Would no longer frisk or play,  
Or the worsted ball unwind.  
Grace coaxed, "Play, kitty; do!"  
Kitty answered sadly, "Mew!"

All in vain were dainty fare,  
Bread and milk all warm and new,  
Downy nest and tender care;  
Thinner, weaker still she grew,  
Could no longer run or purr,  
Lay in bed and would not stir.

Grace trailed her long white gown  
Down the stairs at early light,  
Wondering "If kitty 'th grown  
Any better over night;"  
Found poor kitty cold and dead  
In her pretty basket bed.

Grace made another bed  
Where the morning-glories climb;  
With red rose-leaves lined and spread,  
And perfumed with pinks and thyme.  
Rarely has a human head  
Found so soft and sweet a bed.

Grace's little tender hands  
End at last their loving task;  
Sobbing by the grave she stands,  
Then she lifts her face to ask  
While the slow tears downward roll,  
"Mamma, where 'th kitty 'th thou?"

Elizabeth Akers Allen, in *Our Young Folks*.

NASHUA, N.H., was the home of the brave Newfoundland dog who interposed between a creeping child and an open fire-place, nor offered to budge, though the hair was burned from his side, and the body blistered, until the mother had removed the child to a place of safety. Some brute has poisoned the dog.

## A MUSICAL DOG.

THERE is, in this city, a dog that can sing. We state the fact unqualifiedly on the testimony of all the members of the family of the gentleman who owns him. The animal in question is a large, mouse-colored greyhound, perhaps about six or seven years old. His attempts at singing, though they are certainly not very musical, are unmistakable, and they have been observed by the family for the last two or three years. He does not sing alone; but, when he hears certain members of the family singing, he joins in. This is more particularly the case with one lady of the house, who, if she begins to sing when the dog is anywhere about the place, is pretty certain to obtain a canine accompaniment. If she is heard singing up stairs, and the dog is shut out below, he will not be quiet until he is admitted to the room where she is, when he will "join in," keeping very good time, and keeping—so we are assured—on the same key, rising with the singer to the higher notes, in a kind of blended whine and howl that is yet neither like the voice of a dog nor any thing else, but showing something of a musical ear. When he reaches a note too high for him, he will stop, and wait for the cadence of the song to reach the lower notes again. In his rising notes, he lifts his head as well as his voice. When his owner enters the room, he will suddenly stop, and not another note can be got out of him while his master remains. In fact, he dislikes to have anybody present except the one with whom he sings. — *Hartford Times*.

## THINK NO EVIL.

THE counsel of the world to the young man is, "My son, believe that everybody is selfish, and wishes to get the better of you." Now, a man could as reasonably live upon a diet of choke-cherries, and expect to be well, as live in such a faith, and expect to be morally fresh and sound. Men are very much what you make them,—that is to say, what you expect them to be. If you expect a man to be mean, he will probably seem to you to be so; for, however generous he may really be, through your mask of mean expectation you cannot discover it. Believe me, there is something very much worse than being cheated; and that is, the feeling that everybody wants to cheat you. And, if you observe closely, you will find that the happiest people of your acquaintance are not those who always make the sharpest bargains, and who always expect to be taken in if they are not on the alert, but those who deal unsuspiciously, and who care more for their own self-respect, than for the kind of respectability riches buy. — *Curtis*.

A Boy of tender years and heart has drowned seventeen kittens, tied tin pans to the tails of all the neighbors' dogs, ornamented his chamber by pinning flies to the wall, cut brickbats with his uncle's razor, blown up a pet canary with a fire-cracker, pulled the tail feathers out of two roosters, been thrown into the top of an apple-tree by a cow that he was teasing, brushed his father's hat against the grain, told his sister's lover about her false teeth, — and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.

In the mean time, let his mother subscribe for our paper for her boy.

"THE heart is a garden: our thoughts the flowers  
That spring into fruitful life:  
Have care that in sowing there fall no seed  
From the weed of cruel strife.  
Oh! loving words are not hard to say,  
If the heart be loving too;  
And the kinder the thoughts you give to others,  
The kinder their thoughts of you."



## BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM OUR PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

[Continued.]

SUBJECT: "WHY SHOULD ANIMALS BE KINDLY TREATED?"

All animals have a right to live and enjoy life; and we should respect their rights. — L. B. H.

An instance of cruelty may be seen in the nursery, when mothers and nurses give a pet kitten to a child to its tormentings. — C. F. H.

We all want to be loved and treated kindly: so do they. — A. J.

Animals often seem to do better according to their knowledge than man. — A. J.

Every creature is endowed with feeling as we are; but they are in our power, and cannot protect themselves. — P. M. K.

Animals were created as man was, and should be treated like man. — E. L. M.

If we kill the pretty birds that sing to us in the morning, we should hear no more their sweet songs. — V. H. R.

Because God did not make them to be treated cruelly or roughly, but to do the work that people are not able to do. — L. A. S.

God wanted the animals saved as well as mankind. — H. F. P.

It is better to rule by love than fear. — F. A. A.

When you are not kind to animals, we break the Golden Rule. — G. L. C.

Because God made them for our use; and what could we do without them? — L. A. A.

Because they are wholly in our care. — H. C. A.

Because it is base and gross sin to treat any animal unkindly that God has made. — G. B.

If God had not wanted us to have them, he would not have built an ark to save them. — A. L. B.

When God created the earth, he spent one day in creating animals. — N. M. B.

The nature of most domestic animals is one of kindness, or would be, if they were treated kindly. — A. H. H.

Because it is a sin against God to abuse any of his creatures. — H. A. S.

If people are cruel to animals, they are very apt to be unkind to their fellow-men. — T. B. S.

To treat animals unkindly lowers the standard of mankind. It takes something from our character that can never be replaced. — M. E. J.

... Finally, their very dumbness seems to be a strong appeal for their protection. How a man can deliberately aim and strike, blow after blow, upon these dumb creatures, who have no means of self-defence, and who, perhaps, the very next moment, will turn round and lick the hand that injures them, is beyond conception! — L. M. W.

Among the many reasons for kindness to animals, I will mention three of the most important. 1st, Self-interest dictates it. 2d, Humanity prompts it. 3d, God's word requires it. — A. S. T.

We can find many reasons why we should be kind to animals, but none why we should be cruel. — M. J. O.

They are God's creatures. — J. A. C.

If I were a man, I could talk intelligently about the difference in money value, between the well-fed, well-tended, and petted stock, and those that are neglected and abused, and show that kindness is economy, and pays a large per cent of profit; but I will leave that, and say that I know that creatures appreciate the attention they receive. Our cows, instead of being wild and ugly, will gather around father, expecting an apple, potato, an ear of corn, or, at least, a pat on their sleek sides. — N. L. T.

Unconsciously, we judge of a person's character by his manner of treating animals. — A. A. B.

Animals seem to have reason, because they can be tamed by kindness; and they have affection, because they all take care of their young, and allow nothing to harm them. — H. A. H.

But cruelty to animals is not always intentional: it is sometimes the result of ignorance or carelessness. A man who will ruthlessly torture a dumb beast would not long hesitate to do an injury to his fellow-man, except, perhaps, from fear of the law or retaliation; for such a person generally possesses a very cowardly spirit. — H. L. H.

There is a vast difference between an animal that has been governed by fear, and one that has been governed by the far more powerful method, — kindness. The one will shrink back when approached, as if expecting a blow or kick; but the other will appear to enjoy the company of man. — M. P. H.

Not only does a man's cruelty diminish the number and excellence of his friends, but it re-acts upon himself. He proves less sympathetic; manifests less kindness, and charitable forbearance towards his associates; becomes more passionate; and, not unfrequently, alas! abuses his wife and children. — E. M. D.

Thoughtlessness and impatience are fruitful sources of ill-treatment; but perhaps, oftener still, a hasty temper is the root of the act. Those who know not how to govern their spirits in their daily intercourse with men are not apt to display much magnanimity towards animals who cannot reason by means of words. — B. F. B.

Take away from our State the oxen, cows, sheep, and hens, how terribly poor we should be! — H. A. B.

The greatest power that can overcome a beast is kindness. — S. S. P.

... By kind treatment we make their lives happier. — E. F. L.

There are a great many ways of expressing our kindness to dumb animals: one is, to give them enough to eat and to drink; another, to shelter them well; another, not to work them too hard for their strength; another, not to vex or tease them. — E. B. L.

Men are actually made better by treating kindly the brute creation. Showing kindness to them is one way of exercising the better faculties of our nature. — N. H.

Our kitten, at times, would scratch me when playing with me, and I would raise my hand or stick to strike her; but she would look up in my face so innocently, that I would drop my stick, and take her up in my arms to caress her. — A. G. A.

But of all the animals, I think the little bird suffers the most. She takes pains to build a nice nest for herself, and lays her eggs; but if a boy happens to come along, and takes a fancy to it, he snatches the nest, not thinking about the poor little bird fluttering above his head: it is no matter as long as he is pleased. Some think there is no harm if they take one egg; but I get angry when I see when one egg is missing. What pleasure would there be in the country, if we had no little birds to sing for us? We should think of this, and treat them kindly. — A. W. S.

How displeasing our abuses to the animals must be to the great God, who compassionates the sufferings of all his creatures, and who has said that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice! — E. G. B.

We should treat animals kindly because they are helpless. If they are hungry they cannot go and get food, but have to wait until some one brings it to them; and, if they are cold, must wait until some one blankets them. — A. F. S.

Some children like to torment toads: but it is very unkind; for toads do much good in gardens, in keeping worms, bugs, and flies from the leaves. — A. F. N.

The earth and all its inhabitants were created in infinite wisdom. Every being has its purpose to effect, and its destiny to fulfil.

Even the worm that crawls on the ground, has as much right to this world as has man. — A. A. C.

... And I will say, as a summary of the whole, man has no lawful or moral right to misuse any created being, from the largest to the most insignificant. — M. E. W.

God has made them silent, mute, uncomplaining. If a man is a coward, and wishes to convince his associates of it, he can do so in no better way than by abusing dumb animals. — A. F. R.

How cruel to torment a rat or mouse in a trap, when they are dreading the morning light. How much better it would be to kill them instantly! — M. A. F.

I knew a man who had a cow; and when she was young she would follow him about like a dog. He was kind and gentle to her, and a child could lead her where he chose. He used to call her "Boss." In a few years he was obliged to sell her; six years after that, he was riding by the field where she was lying down with others and he said "Boss," and she got up and came as near to him as she could. She had not seen him during those six years, nor heard his voice. — L. P.

I am not gifted in writing compositions, but have often wished that I had a talent for writing them. It would give me great pleasure to write on the subject of dumb animals, for they have interested me ever since I can remember. — G. E. E.

Animals have a claim upon our sympathy and kindness, because they are not of our creation; and we shall be called to answer for any unnecessary pain and annoyance which we may cause to any living thing which a wise Power has seen fit to create, and whose interest in them is so great that even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice. — W. L. R.

We should be kind to all things which the Lord has made, in order to please him; for he is a good and benevolent being, and desires the happiness of all he created. — M. T.

The same kindness shown towards all our domestic animals will be repaid by the benefits we are constantly receiving from them; and this would be a sufficient reason for our kind treatment of them, without the many others that might be mentioned. — L. M. V.

... Animals have another quality. They are sociable. It is well known that the horse will not quietly tolerate a separation from his kind. Oxen and cows will not fatten in a field by themselves. Sheep flock together as naturally as drops of water. The peacock bereft of his mate will mourn and pine away; he will not eat until he is provided with another. — E. D. B.

I think that kindness to animals was one of the lessons the Saviour wished to teach, when he asked the Pharisees the question, "Which one of you shall have an ox or an ass fall into a pit on the sabbath day, and not pull him out?" — F. W. D.

The manly men and womanly women are those whose lives are guided by the law of love. — K. L. B.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "It will be a good thing for animals, but better for men, when we understand that the lower creation have their rights of happiness, which we cannot destroy without culpability." — L. W.

They should be treated kindly, because they were made to glorify God, their Creator, by serving man. And whether they perform their services naturally, as do the birds when in a free state, or are trained to do so, as the horse is trained, the service rendered will be in quantity and quality in proportion to the amount of kind treatment which they receive. — F. H. M.

As long as I live I shall be kind to dumb animals. — N. C.

I think, if they could speak, they would save themselves a great many blows. — J. C. S.

I think it would be quite hard to find a reason for treating animals unkindly. — S. M. E.

I do not think that the children of a man who abuses his beasts of burden would be very likely to rush up and kiss him, when he comes home, and be so very glad to see him. — H. M. C.

## Stable and Farm.

### GORGED STOMACHS IN HORSES.

GORGED stomachs, or acute indigestion, is a disease which every year destroys a great many valuable horses. It consists either in distension of the stomach from food or from gas generated by the fermentation of its undigested contents.

This very serious disorder often results from giving food in large quantities and immediately subjecting the animal to hard or fast work. This is a very common thing amongst farmers' horses. A journey of fifteen or twenty miles has to be performed: the owner, through kindness, gives an extra quantity of food; the stomach and bowels are overloaded; the horse begins his journey full of spirits, and, after travelling for a few miles, he becomes dull and sluggish and sweats freely; he is pulled up, and after standing for a few moments, shows signs of abdominal pains by cringing the body and attempting to lie down; the flanks are slightly swollen. In a few moments he seems easier, and is driven on, now and then showing symptoms of pain; possibly he reaches his destination, and is taken out of the harness, when he may exhibit very alarming symptoms.

... Another common cause is feeding heavily when the stomach has been weakened through enervating exercise or long fasting.

In road-horses that are highly fed on oats and hay, it is occasionally brought on by giving a quantity of green clover or tares immediately after performing a fast journey. — *Canada Farmer*.

### A CRUEL RECIPE.

THE "New-England Homestead" says "Dr. Martin Sackett of Westfield gives the following recipe for curing grub in the head of sheep. One tablespoonful of butter, melted and mixed with a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine; turn this into the sheep's ears once a day, for one, two, or three days, as the case may require. He says that it never has been known to fail.

REMARKS. — The above we have seen in several agricultural papers. It is copied approvingly. Is it any wonder that "book-farming" is looked upon with derision and contempt when such nonsense is published in our agricultural journals? What can intelligent farmers think of the qualifications of editors who publish such stuff? The fly that deposits the egg that becomes the grub, deposits it in the nose instead of the ear of the sheep. Is the nose to be reached by putting medicine in the ear? Or is the spirits of turpentine so penetrating that it can reach the orifice of the nose? If so, why put so excruciating a medicine into and upon the delicate membrane of the ear? Why not put it in the nose at once? It must produce the most excruciating agony! Those who have seen the spirits of turpentine put on horses or dogs can tell something about it, when put on the skin, without going into that most delicate organization, the ear. The poor sheep can't talk. It can't tell what awful punishment its master is inflicting upon him. Let such a man mix up some butter and spirits of turpentine, and have somebody pour some into his ear, and see if it don't do more, than drive the grubs out of his head! If it don't drive the sense out, we shall be badly mistaken. Really, any man that would inflict such senseless and unnecessary cruelty upon a poor dumb brute ought to be indicted. — *Colman's Rural World*.

A THOUGHTLESS CHRISTIAN. — During the recent Sunday-school convention held in this village, one of the delegates hitched his horse by the side of the street; and that horse stood there, in the hot sun, from eight o'clock A.M., until five, P.M. (nine long hours), without food or drink. During the afternoon, some one placed a card on the horse, on which was printed, "I belong to a Christian: have been here since morning without food or drink." — *Ballston (N.Y.) Democrat*.

**HOMICIDE BY A DOG: HE DIES OF GRIEF.**—Old Peter Bean had been a digger of wells in this locality for thirty years. His firm and fast friend, his companion in hours of toil and of leisure, was a large dog that was hardly ever known to be absent from the side of Peter. He fell, yesterday, the victim of an accident which no foresight could have anticipated, and no precautions arrested. It was in this way: Peter was digging a well on Front Street, not far from his lodgings. He had reached a depth of forty feet, and was, still industriously delving in the earth. His assistant on the surface of the earth had just hauled up a bucketful of dirt, which was carried to some distance, and emptied out; and the bucket, detached from the rope as was usual, lay on the edge of the pit. Peter was below wiping his brow, or cheerfully delving, no one knows what, when his faithful dog, having got loose, rushed madly about in search of his master. The vigorous and excited animal bounded toward the pit to bark down to his friend at the bottom, knowing he would get a friendly answer. This enthusiastic friendship of the dog proved the death of the man. In jumping to the edge of the pit, he drove the bucket before him into it. There was nothing heard after it but a low, painful groan, and all was still below in the dark and narrow hole.

When Peter was taken out, it was found that the bucket had split his head in two. He died instantly. Justice Spellman held an inquest in an hour or so afterward; and the jury, having become acquainted with these facts, gave their verdict accordingly, laying all the blame of the terrible accident on the dog, — the last creature on earth that would have injured or allowed others to injure a hair of his master. So great was the grief or affliction of the animal on finding that the cold hand of Peter caressed him no more, and the voice of Peter failed to reply to his friendly yelps, that he laid down under the couch yesterday, and died. — *Memphis Appeal.*

#### POPE'S REFLECTIONS.

I CANNOT but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them, as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us, by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality, to murder them. As for robin red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The Children of the Wood." However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity. . . .

When we grow up to men, we have a succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it, but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist those checks which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Pleury, that this sport is a remnant of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Seythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a hapless, trembling, and weeping creature.

If some men were jerked, and lashed every time they made a mis-step, wouldn't they have a striped back, and a sore mouth?

#### LETTER FROM "NELLIE," A FAMILY HORSE.

##### "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HORSES' FEET."

WE horses are of no great account to man unless we have good sound feet. Our feet are the principal thing about us, — the foundation of all our usefulness. Therefore it is of prime importance that they are not spoiled by ignorant blacksmiths who are always trying to improve on nature. They appear to think God don't know how to shape and build a foot for a horse, so they cut, pare, and trim until we can hardly go without limping. "Old John" was once an excellent horse; but a dunce got possession of him, who wanted to improve on the looks of his feet, and make them smaller and lighter, so he could step a little more nimbly. He directed the shoer to pare down the hoof, clean out and dig out the foot, cut off a large part of the frog, which was done in the most approved city style. He soon grew "tender footed" and lame. Various opinions were given as to the cause. Some said he had corns, others thought the lameness was caused by a *sprain*, and still others said it was a *spavin*. But the lameness continued until he was sold to a brute of man who drove him to the grog-shop every day, kept him hitched to a post till late in the evening without food, then whipped him home as fast as he could go on his inflamed and sore feet. "John" could not endure this treatment long, so one night he died; and the next morning his skin was taken off, and he was dragged into the woods, where were the bodies of a great many dead horses that had been killed by abuse.

I was in a blacksmith shop one day; and I heard a kind-hearted man make some very sensible remarks about

##### HORSES' FEET.

He said much damage is done to the feet of horses by paring the frog and bars.

The bars serve as braces to the foot to keep it in its proper shape, just as braces in a building keep it in place. There are two braces in each foot, running in from the quarters toward the point of the frog. By cutting these away in part or wholly, the foot is weakened.

The frog of a horse's foot should, in no case, be cut with a knife. The frog is like a sponge, in its natural state, and contains a substance resembling milk and water which nourishes the foot. If the frog is cut so as to let out this substance, it becomes hard, dry, and contracted; and this causes what is called "pinched feet."

Some blacksmiths will say your horse has had too much grain, causing "pinched feet;" and this will furnish another excuse for depriving horses of their oats; while the true trouble is in the shoer's cutting away the frog.

A valuable mare had been lame for some time; but, after B. had shod her a few times, she was all right. Says the owner, "What you have done has cured my mare." — "No," says the blacksmith, "it is not what I have done, but what I have *not* done, that has cured her. I have let nature cure the lameness." Nature is always trying to correct our blunders, and will wholly do so if you will give her a chance.

Too many shoers take great pains to dig out the inside of the foot, leaving the shell and sole of the foot so thin, that, in travelling, the jar hurts the foot, causing heat and lameness. This makes the horse cripple and flinch.

Knowing how foolish blacksmiths act with our feet, and how often they drive nails into the quick flesh, and let their knives slip and cut us, is it strange that we are sometimes uneasy and afraid in their dirty, frightful-looking shops? If men would treat us gently, instead of striking us with a hammer, we should soon learn to trust them, and not fear to submit to their control. — *Maine North Star.*

**THE MERE STUMBLE.**—When a horse stumbles, never raise your voice, never jerk the reins, never use the lash. Speak to the creature; re-assure him; seek to restore those perceptions which will prevent repetition of the stumble.

#### SHOULD HORSES WEAR BLINDERS.

WE never could see what vice or deformity lay in a horse's eye, that should make it necessary to cover it up, and shut out its owner from at least two-thirds of his rightful field of vision. The poets say that old age looks backward; but we never heard such an idiosyncrasy charged upon the horse. The theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from every thing behind him, we suspect to be a fallacy, else saddle-horses and war-horses would be duly blinded. Every horse is as familiar with his own carriage as with his own tail, and, as far as his "personal" fortitude is concerned, is no more disturbed at being pursued by one than by the other. As for other scarecrows that come up behind, they are mostly so familiar to the animal, that, the more fully the horse can perceive them, the more quietly does he submit to their approach. Then it is such a pity to cover up one of the most brilliant features of this most brilliant creature. The horse has borne such a hand in the civilization of this rough-and-tumble world, that it seems not so much a cruelty as a discourtesy and a disgrace to hide his form with embarrassing torgery. No wonder we estimate the force in the world as "horse-power;" no wonder the Romans and the Germans, each in their own languages, designated their aristocracy as "riders;" no wonder their descendants made "chivalry" a synonym for their highest virtues. Let the horse be given his due, and unblinded. The check-rein is another nuisance in harness-ware which has almost entirely disappeared from England, the army having at last given it up by order of the commander-in-chief, Sir George Burgoyne. — *Webster Times.*

#### HOW A SOLDIER ESCAPED.

A GERMAN cavalry soldier and his horse were captured in the fight at La Bourget, and taken off with other prisoners.

Three days after the fight, they halted for the night in a village. The poor fellow was sitting near the window, thinking how he might escape, while his noisy captors around the fire-place were lulling themselves with wine. Suddenly he hears in the streets the neighing of a horse. His soul is trembling, and his blood stops for a moment. No doubt it is his brave steed, that had broken loose from a shed where she had been placed, and is in search of her master. One of the panes of the window was replaced by paper. Boring with his finger a hole in it, he lays his mouth to the opening, calling cautiously and coaxingly, "Lizzie, Lizzie!" A joyous neigh is the reply, and Lizzie is close to the window. In a moment the whole frame of the casement is smashed; and, before the tipplers know what is the matter, he is outside, and on the bareback of his faithful mare. It seems that the sagacious mare knew that the life of her master was at stake; for she runs off like a whirlwind; and yet she is not urged on by spurs or bridle; for the captors have taken the boots of the rider, and the bridle is hanging by the saddle in the shed. Shots are fired after them, and bullets fly past their ears, without stopping the horse. The hussar does not know the way, but Lizzie remembers it; and, after thirty-five hours, both arrive at the outposts of La Bourget, happy to be again among their comrades.

#### IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE

To set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyments of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider every thing impossible which we cannot perform.

To expect to be able to understand every thing.



